
A Farther
REVIEW
OF

Mr. Collier.

The Second Part, &c.

A Farther
DEFENCE
O F
Dramatick Poetry:
Being the Second Part of the
REVIEW
O F
Mr. COLLIER's View
O F T H E
Immorality and Profaneness of
the **STAGE.**

Done by the same Hand.

L O N D O N:
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PREFACE.

I *Must beg my Reader's Pardon, that my Bookseller's over-hasty Publication of my former Discourse in Defence of Dramatick Poetry, has forced me to give him my Full Review of Mr. Collier, thus in Fragments. However, I am in hopes that his favourable Reception of that First Part will pave my way for the Last; and then I have my Wishes.*

And here in my full Survey of the Merits of Mr. Collier's View of the Stage, and the Success of it together; I cannot but think how little Honesty, Truth or Conscience,

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science, are required, to make a Popular Piece upon a Religious Subject. I confess this looks like a Paradox, and perhaps an uncharitable one : But I am sorry I must say, 'tis too true for a Jest. I am sure the many strain'd Constructions of Profanation and Blasphemy, and the other ill-grounded Arguments, the many Falsities among the few Truths in that Treatise, sufficiently prove my Assertion. And the unhappy Reason of the too Epidemical Popular Deception from Subjects of that kind, is this, That the Honest Features of the Face conceal the Fucus of it; and the Well-meaning of the Cause covers a great many of the False Reasonings that champion for it. And
here

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here I may say, 'tis almost a whole National Misfortune, that Sentence in these Cases, is given with bearing but One side. The Indictment's laid full, and the Accusation charged home ; but the poor Criminal at the Bar shall never speak for himself, produce one Witness in his Cause, or move for an Arrest of Judgment. 'Tis thus Mr. Collier carries the Victory, and gains all the Trumpets that Eccho his Triumph.

All this is a little hard : But here lies the Misery. There's no Restraint upon the Quill that runs Gall upon Pious Themes. In any Misrepresentation of Humane Affairs, Untruth and Fiction are under some Loss of the Law. The Broachers of Falsity stand in Awe of Autho-

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Authority, and their Fear of the Punishment restrains the Offence. Whilst on the contrary, such is the Impunity of these Religious Misrepresentations, that there seems to be no truly general Privilege of Lying, but in God's Name.

This I will farther positively aver, That when a single private Hand sets up for a Publick Reformation, especially in a Cause where all Tongues are silent but his own, we have all the Reason in the World (if we'd give our selves leisure but to think) to suspect either the Enthusiast or the Hypocrite, viz. That either the Mad Zeal or the Pretended One sets Pen to Paper.

I Shall

I Shall begin this Second Review of the Ingenious Mr. Collier, in his *Remarks upon the Relapse*: And here I must prepare my Reader for a New Entertainment. For hitherto, in our First Part, we have only Discoursed him in his Diviner Qualification, as the *Church-man* and *Philosopher*, viz. in his Moral and Religious Objections against the *Stage*. But here we find him, in the Humane Capacity, carrying on his Attack, not only as a Church-Champion, but that Humbler Stage-Combatant, a *Critick*. But no doubt, he's a Man of Universal Learning, and therefore to do himself Justice, as well as the Stage, there's no Reason that this shining Talent should lie any more hid than the other.

I confess, he has singled out a very sturdy Play to grapple with, and if he has Prowess enough for a compleat Conquest here, he may hope to drive the whole Stage before him.

B

The

The Remarks on the *Relapse* Examined.

Engaging this Play immediately after some small Triumph over Mr. *Darfeys*'s *Don Quixot*, he gives this Reason why this Author should next enter the List, *viz.*

“ The *Relapse* should follow *Don Quixot*,
 “ upon the Account of some Alliance be-
 “ tween 'em.

Now, which way the Kindred enters between these two Plays, I am afraid Mr. *Collier's* whole false Heraldry will hardly be able to make out. For 'tis the Opinion of the whole Town, the *Vox Populi* on my side, that neither those two Authors nor their Works, especially the *Quixot* Labours, have any such great Affinity. I durst venture to say, the *Relapse* and the *Quixot* are no more of Kin, then the *Cavalier* to the *Church-man*; not so much as Mr. *Collier's* Modern Beau Wigg, Crevate and Sword, to his old cast Gown, Cassock and Scarf. Nor is there half so much Reason why the *Relapse* should follow the *Don Quixot*, as why Mr. *Collier* the *Sword-man* should follow Doctor *Collier* the *Gown-man*.

The Resignation of his Quondam *Divinity*, and his whole *Spirituality* for his present

sent *Temporal* and *Carnal* Assumption, no more the Church-Militant, but the Lay-Militant Hero, is all but a natural Consequence, a Product we see every Day. This very Master of Arts himself, when but a *Junior-Soph*, could have produced a very substantial Maxim in Natural Philosophy to justify this Transformation, *viz.* *Corruptio Optimi, &c.*

“ I shall spend a few more Thoughts
 “ [*More Words he means*] then ordinary
 “ upon this Play, and examine it briefly
 “ [*in Twelve Leaves of Paper*] in the *Fable*,
 “ the *Moral*, the *Characters*, &c. The *Fable*
 “ I take to be as follows.

“ *Fashion*, a lewd Prodigal younger Brother is reduced to Extremity; upon his
 “ arrival from his Travels, he meets with
 “ *Coupler* an old sharpening Match-maker.
 “ This Man puts him upon a Project of
 “ Cheating his Elder Brother Lord *Foppington* of a rich Fortune. Young *Fashion*
 “ being refused a sum of Money by his
 “ Brother, goes into *Coupler's* Plot, bubbles
 “ Sir *Tunbelly* of his Daughter, and makes
 “ himself Master of a Fair Estate.

“ From the Form and Constitution of
 “ the *Fable*, I observe, First, There is a

“ *Misnommer* in the Title. The Play should
 “ not have been here call’d, *The Relapse* ;
 “ or, *Virtue in Danger*. *Lovelace* and *Aman-*
 “ *da*, from whose Characters these Names
 “ are drawn, are Persons of Inferior Con-
 “ sideration, &c. The Intrigue and the Dis-
 “ covery, the great Revolution and Suc-
 “ cess turns upon Young *Fashion*. He, with-
 “ out Competition, is the Principal Person
 “ in the Comedy, and therefore the *Youn-*
 “ *ger Brother*, or the *Fortunate Cheat*, had
 “ been much a more proper Name. Now
 “ when a Poet can’t rig out a *Title Page*,
 “ ’tis but a bad sign of his holding out to
 “ the *Epilogue*.

Here I am afraid this Gentleman that has
 so curiously examined through the whole
 Play, has unfortunately read but half the
 Title Page. For is not the Play call’d, *The*
Relapse ; or, *Virtue in Danger*, being the *Se-*
quel of the Fool in Fashion ? And did not all
 the Play-house Bills call it the *Second Part of*
the Fool in Fashion ? And consequently is
 not here *Lovelace*, *Amanda*, Lord *Fopping-*
ton, all the whole Walks of the Play, &c.
 the full Contents of the Fabrick express’d
 in the Frontispiece ? And why, the Younger
 Cheating Brother is a greater Person in
 the Play than the Elder Cheated Brother,
 when the Younger is only concerned in the
 Walk

Walk of Sir *Tunbelly*, and the Elder through the whole Play with *Amanda*, *Lovelace*, &c. is that unaccountable Riddle, that nothing but such an *Oedipus* as Mr. *Collier* can solve?

Now if his Twelve Leaves of Remarks upon that Play, end no better then they begin, 'tis shrewdly to be suspected that the *Remarker* has more bad signs of not holding out, than the *Relapser*.

“ 2dly, I observe the Moral is vicious.
 “ It points the wrong way, and puts the
 “ Prize into the wrong Hand. It seems to
 “ make Lewdness the Reason of Desert,
 “ and gives Young *Fashion* a second Fortune, only for Debauching away his first.
 “ A short view of his Character will make
 “ good this Reflection. To begin with him,
 “ He confesses himself a *Rake*, Swears and
 “ Blasphemes, Curses and Challenges his
 “ Elder Brother, cheats him of his Mistress,
 “ and gets him lay'd by the Heels in a Dog-
 “ Kennel. And what was the Ground of
 “ all this unnatural Quarrelling and Out-
 “ rage? Why the Main of it was only be-
 “ cause Lord *Foppington* refus'd to supply
 “ his Luxury and make good his Extrava-
 “ gance. This Young *Fashion* after all is
 “ the Poets Man of Merit. He provides a
 B 3 “ Plot

“ Plot and a Fortune on purpose for him.
 “ To speak freely, a Lewd Character fel-
 “ dom wants good Luck in a *Comedy* : So
 “ that when ever you see a thorough *Liber-*
 “ *tine*, you may almost swear he is in a Ri-
 “ sing way, and that the Poet intends to
 “ make him a great Man. In short, this
 “ Play perverts the End of *Comedy*, &c. For
 “ the Relapsers *Moral* holds forth this notable
 “ Instruction. First that all Younger Bro-
 “ thers should be careful to run out their
 “ Circumstances as fast, and as ill as they
 “ can; And when they have put their Af-
 “ fairs into this posture they may conclude
 “ themselves in the High Road to Wealth
 “ and Success. For as *Fashion* Blasphemous-
 “ ly applys it, *Providence takes care of Men of*
 “ *Merit*. 2dly. That when a Man is prest,
 “ his Business is not to be govern’d by Sreu-
 “ ples, or to formalize upon Conscience
 “ and Honesty. The quickest Expedients
 “ are the best for in such Cases the occasion
 “ justifies the Means, and a Knight of the
 “ *Post* is as good as one of the *Garter*.

In this View of Young *Fashion*, I won-
 der by what unintelligible Light of Disco-
 very this Characterizer finds him that *Blas-*
phemer, *Lewd Debauchee*, or *Thorough Liber-*
tine, as he’s here set out. •Tis true his Man
 Lory in a piece of Rally, puts the *Jacobite*
 upon

upon him. But that I suppose is none of the Blots in Young *Fashion's* Scutcheon ; at least of Mr. *Colliers* Discovery.

But to draw this *Libertine* to the full Length. He is a Young Fellow, Brother to a Baronet, (now a Lord) Guilty of no Vice but Extravagance ; this Extravagance too, amounts to no more, then that he has spent 500 *l.* anticipated upon his Annuity of 200 *l. per Annum* ; not in Whoredome, Dice, Ryot, nor any other Brutal Prodigality, but only in three Years Travel beyond Sea, Travel that has been accounted the most Honourable Improvement of a Gentleman ; a great part of this Extravagance occasion'd possibly to bear up the Port of his Birth, and the Honour of his Family ; a Sin not altogether so Capital ; nor his Circumstances so very ill run out, as this Remarker endeavours to perswade us. This is the whole Character of Young *Fashion*, excepting what relates afterwards to his cheating his Brother ; and what ground he stands upon there, how far the *Debauch*, the *Libertine*, or the Knight of the *Post*, we shall examine.

This Young Extravagant, 'tis true, at his return to *London*, resents his unhappy Circumstances, the low Ebb of his Pocket,

with a little too free Air of a Gentleman ; does not fall upon his Knees like the Prodigal at the Swine Trough, a Fault perhaps scarce pardonable with the Divine *Mr. Collier*.

However in this Distress he applies himself to his Brother, not an Addressor to his Periwig, his Crevate, his Feather or his Snush-box, as *Lory* advises : For he absolutely declares against so low-spirited and servile a baseness as *Flattery*. His Brother, whom he finds newly Lordified, is so taken up with his Looking-glass and Dressing-Box, and his whole Wardrobe Retinue, that he scarce speaks to him, takes less notice of him, gives him that cold welcome, though after three Years absence, and uses him with all that Scorn and Contempt, as justly provokes our Young Spark to no little Indignation against him. Here *Coupler* enters, caresses Young *Fashion*, tells him what Match he had made for his Brother with Sir *Tunbelly's* Daughter, in consideration of a Bond of a 1000 *l.* for helping him to this Fortune ; and for 5000 *l.* from Young *Fashion*, agrees to cheat the Lord, and so manage the Game as to carry the Prize for the Squire. In the Raptures of which fair hopes, *Fashion* tells *Lory*, *Providence thou seest takes care of Men of Merit, we are in a fair way of being great People*. Now this is the whole Sum total of Young *Fashion's*

Shion's Blasphemy. Had he said *Fortune*, *Fate*, *Destiny*, or the *Kind Stars* had took such care of Merit, it had been much at one; so little is the Divinity pointed at, or touch'd in this Expression.

But notwithstanding this fair occasion offer'd, not only to revenge all the Indignity receiv'd from his Brother, but to Enrich himself with a Fortune of 1500 *l. per Annum*; yet all this Temptation will not carry the Point, provided his Brother will but supply him with poor 500 *l.* to redeem his Annuity. Accordingly, he says, "*I'll try my Brother to the Bottom, I'll speak to him with the Temper of a Philosopher, my Reasons, (though they press him home) shall be cloathed with so much Modesty, not one of all the Truths they urge shall be so naked to offend his sight; if he has yet so much Humanity as to assist me, (though with a moderate Aid) I'll drop my project at his Feet, and shew him I can do for him, much more than I ask he'd do for me, &c. Relapse.*" *page 20.*

This very address he makes to his Brother in all the Terms of Modesty, and finds him so wholly inveterate, so deaf to all Arguments of Reason, Justice or Pity, though to save him from Starving or Hanging;
that

that upon this only Repulse, he enters into *Couplers* Plot, and puts on the *Jacob's* false Hands for the Blessing ; resolving to Cheat the Lord and carry the Lady. Now how much this Play perverts the end of *Comedy*, which as Monsieur *Rapin* (he tells us) observes, ought to regard *Reformation* and *Improvement*, will soon be examin'd.

As the Lord *Foppington's* is the Character of the Play, justly design'd to be most exposed ; accordingly by the Rules of *Comedy*, his Pride, his Vanity, his unnatural Inhumanity to his own Brother, and all the other Vices of his Character, ought to be punish'd, with all the Insults, Defeats, Disappointments and Shame, that the Dramatick Justice can heap upon him, through the whole Play. But as no over-reach or defeat in *Comedy* can well be performed, but by some Fraud or Cheat or other; and consequently he that carries on the Cheat, cannot reach to the full heights of a perfect Character, *viz.* wholly unblemish'd ; however 'tis the work of the Poet in that Case to raise those just Provocations for every such Insult, and lay that reasonable Ground for every such Cheat, especially in the prosperous Characters of the *Comedy* ; that their Successes, in the Catastrophe of the Play, may seem the Reward of some *Virtue* and
Justice

Justice even in the Cheat himself, comparative to the *Vice* and *Injustice* they punish.

This Ingenious Conduct of *Comedy* is highly justified in the Authors admirable Fabrick in this part of his *Relapse*: For here's a Younger Brother under no better Paternal Provision then 200 a year Annuity, which at seven Years, the Lives purchase, is worth little more then a 1000 *l.* whilst the Elder Brother runs away with 5000 *l.* *per Annum* Inheritance, to the value of a 100000 *l.* Yet this Younger Brother, that in all Equity might expect some reasonable Favour and Succour from his Elder Brother, if for no other Consideration than the unequal Division of the Estate between 'em, has those innate Principles of Honour and Virtue, as to sit down contented with the honest Reparation of his Morgaged Annuity, at the poor price of 500 *l.* rather then Embrace the Temptation of a Fair Lady, and 1500 *l.* *per Annum* thrown into his Arms by any Irregular or Fraudulent Means.

But when this unmerciful Brother thus shamefully denies him so inconsiderable a Trifle, and all to the repairing the Breaches of so Innocent an Extravagance in his Honourable Travels: Thus the inevitable prospect

prospect of starving on one side, and the just resentments of a Brothers unnatural Barbarity on the other, carry that Face of Justification along with the Cheat ; that among all the Thousand Patrons of that Darling Play, I fancy this strait-lac'd high Moralist Mr. *Collier*, is the only Repiner at Young *Fashion's* Felicity in the Arms of Miss *Hoyden* ; and if the Author be never Duell'd but upon that Quarrel, undoubtedly he may die in his Bed. Nay, besides Young *Fashion's* supplanting his Brothers pretensions, here's another piece of Poetick Justice in carrying off the Young Heiress : For when the Young *Hoyden* is thus snared into Wedlock, not by any ignoble rascally Impostor, but a Young Gentleman, at least of equal Birth and Quality with her ; the other part of the Delusion, viz. his being a Younger Brother, and a Man of no Estate, seems but an honest Dramatick over-reach, impos'd upon so sordid and avaricious a Character, so over-cautious a Coxcomb as her Father Sir *Tunbelly* : Nor is the Young Lady her self, under the meaness of her rustick Education, so Exalted a Character ; but that Young *Fashion* may fairly and innocently carry the Prize, without one murmuring Word, or envying Eye from the severest Critick in the whole Audience.

In

In the next place, Mr. *Collier* is pleased to look a little into the Plot of the *Relapse*.

“ Here the Poet (he tells you) ought to
 “ play the Politician, if ever ; this part should
 “ have some strokes of Conduct, &c. There
 “ should be something that is admirable,
 “ and unexpected to surprize the Audience.
 “ And all this Fineness must work by gentle
 “ Degrees, by a due preparation of Incidents,
 “ and by Instruments which are probable [*And all the Reason in the*
 “ *World.*] ’Tis Mr. *Rapin*’s Remark,
 “ That without probability every thing is
 “ lame and faulty. [*He’s much in the*
 “ *Right :*] Where there is no pretence to
 “ Miracle or Machine, Matters must not
 “ exceed the Force of Relief. To produce
 “ Effects without proportion, and likelihood
 “ in the Cause is Farce and Magick,
 “ and looks more like Conjuring than Conduct.
 “ [*’Tis all granted.*] Let us examine
 “ the *Relapser* by these Rules. [*Ay, and*
 “ *welcome.*] To discover his Plot, we
 “ must lay open somewhat more of the
 “ *Fable*.

“ Lord *Foppington*, a Town Beau, had
 “ agreed to Marry the Daughter of Sir
 “ *Tunbelly Clumsy*, who lived Fifty Miles
 “ from

“ from *London*. Notwithstanding this
 “ small Distance, the Lord had never seen
 “ his Mistress, nor the Knight his Son-in-
 “ Law.

And where lies the wonder on either side ? Is not Sir *Tanbelly* that Avaritious Miser, that Interest is all the Concern in his Daughters Disposal ; And consequently as long as a Lordship and Five Thousand a Year are full *Smithfield* Weight in his Scales ; the Lord himself may be the *Plain-dealer's* *Leaden-shilling*, for any Curiosity he has to be acquainted either with his Personal or any other Accomplishments ? And for the same Indifference on my Lord *Foppington's* side ; The striking of this blind Bargain for Miss *Hoyden*, is possibly one of the greatest Master-strokes in the Character. Is not this Fop, a true *Narcissus* all along, through both the Plays, in Love with nothing but himself ? Has his Match with Miss *Hoyden* any other Temptation than the gratifying his Pride in Marrying so rich an Heiress ; and heightening his Pomp, Luxury and Vanity, by that considerable addition of her Fortunes ? So that here's no occasion either of disordering himself or his Coach-horses to run backwards and forwards a Fifty Mile Stage, only to show his own, or see his Mistress's sweet Face.

“ Both

“ Both Parties, out of their Great Wis-
 “ dom, leave the treating the Match to
 “ *Coupler*, &c. Here we may observe the
 “ Lord *Foppington* has an unlucky Disagree-
 “ ment in his Character. This Misfortune
 “ is hard upon the Credibility of the De-
 “ sign. ’Tis true, he was Formal and Fan-
 “ tastick, smitten with Dress and Equi-
 “ page, &c. But his Behaviour is far from
 “ that of an *Idiot*. This being granted,
 “ ’tis very unlikely this Lord should leave
 “ the Choice of his Mistress to *Coupler*, and
 “ take her Person and Fortune upon *Con-*
 “ *tent*: To Court thus blindfold, and by
 “ *Proxy*, does not agree with the Method
 “ of an Estate, nor the Niceness of a *Beau*,
 “ &c. And for Sir *Tunbelly*, here we have
 “ that prudence and wariness (in his Cha-
 “ racter) to the Excess of Fable and Phren-
 “ sie. And yet this mighty Man of sus-
 “ picion trusts *Coupler* with the Dispos-
 “ al of his only Daughter, and his Estate into
 “ the Bargain. And what was this *Cou-*
 “ *pler*? Why, a Sharper by Character, and
 “ little better by Possession.

Here our Authors *Criticisimes*, like *Bay’s*
Plot, begin to thicken upon us. This no-
 torious Misconduct of the *Relapser* will not
 give him a Foyl, but a fair Fall, if he has
 not a Care: But to recover his Hold, and
 save

save him from Tumbling; I remember before the Lord *Foppington* was invited down to Sir *Tunbelly*, the Poet tells us, That the Marriage-Settlement was prepared for Signing and Sealing. And now though the *Relapser* makes *Coupler* a *Match-maker*, I cannot see where he makes him a *Jointure-maker*. Whatever other Faculties he may be Master of, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, I cannot find him either a *Coke* or a *Littleton*, or any of those long Robe Gentlemen, a Law Head-piece for drawing of Settlements; and consequently we may very reasonably suppose, both on Sir *Tunbelly* and Lord *Foppington*'s side, here were the Learned in the Law called to the Consult, a preliminary Inspection into Records, the *Terra Firma* Foundation Examined, and all the precautionary Articles of Treaty adjusted, for so important a Cause, before Matters went so far as to send down for the Son-in-Law Elect. So that here's poor *Coupler* so far from having the Disposal of Sir *Tunbelly*'s Daughter and Estate, that our Diminutive Love-broker has no more Hand in the Affair, then meer starting the Game; 'tis the strength of the Fortune-hunter must catch it. And therefore I may presume to say, neither the Lord nor the Knight have hitherto made one false step in their Conduct, to deserve the hard Names
 of

of Cuddens and Ideots, Mr. *Collier* has unkindly thrown upon them; but may venture to vie Wit even with Mr. *Collier* himself; This I am sure, His *Critifmes* favour a great deal more of the *Ideotism*, then their Politicks, at least in this part of their prudential Faculties.

To proceed with the *Criticifer*.

‘ As for Young *Fashion*, excepting *Coupler’s* Letter, he has all imaginable Marks
 ‘ of Imposture upon him. He comes before
 ‘ his time, and without the Retinue expect-
 ‘ ed, and has nothing of the Air of Lord
 ‘ *Foppington’s* Conversation. When Sir *Tun-*
 ‘ *belly* ask’d him, *Pray where are your Coaches*
 ‘ *and Servants, my Lord?* He makes a trifling
 ‘ Excuse. *Sir, that I might give you and*
 ‘ *your Daughter a Proof how impatient I am*
 ‘ *to be nearer a Kin to you, I left my Equipage*
 ‘ *to follow me, and came away Post with only one*
 ‘ *Servant.* To be in such a hurry of Inclination for a Person he never saw is somewhat strange! Besides, ’tis very unlikely
 ‘ Lord *Foppington* should hazard his Complexion on Horseback, out-ride his Figure,
 ‘ and appear a Bridegroom in *Deshabille*, &c.
 ‘ As Pomp and Curiosity were this Lords Inclination, why then should he mortifie
 ‘ without Necessity, make his first Approaches thus out of Form, and present himself

C

to

' to his Mrs. at such Disadvantage? As this
 ' is the Character of Lord *Foppington*, so 'tis
 ' reasonable to suppose Sir *Tunbelly* acquaint-
 ' ed with it. An Inquiry into the Humour
 ' and Management of a Son-in-Law is very
 ' Natural and Customary: So that we can't
 ' without Violence to Sense, suppose Sir *Tun-*
 ' *belly* a stranger to Lord *Foppington's* Singu-
 ' larities. These Reasons were enough in all
 ' Conscience to make Sir *Tunbelly* suspect a
 ' Juggle, and that *Fashion* was no better then
 ' a Counterfeit, &c. why then was the Cre-
 ' dential swallow'd without chewing, &c.
 ' More wary steps might have been expected
 ' from Sir *Tunbelly*: To run from one Extream
 ' of Caution to another of Credulity is high-
 ' ly improbable.

This Misconduct looks almost as formi-
 dable as the last. For this Critick never
 Flagg's. Young *Fashion* comes before his
 time, &c. That is, Sir *Tunbelly* had sent a
 Letter to invite the Lord *Foppington* down to
 Marry his Daughter, all the main Wedlock
 Preliminaries, viz. Joynture, Settlements,
 all but *Consummation* already adjusted, &c.
 And therefore Young *Fashion*, the supposed
 Lord *Foppington*, comes down before his time,
 because he comes when he is invited; and
 has all the marks of a Counterfeit Son-in-Law,
 for obeying his Father-in-Laws Summons.
 'Tis

'Tis true, he makes a little too much speed; Posts down in one Day, when the True Lord makes a two Days Stage of it; And because this Activity of Riding Post does not look like the slower Movement of a Travelling Beau; for this single Gigantick Objection to the Lord *Foppington's* Veracity, both the Credential of *Coupler's* Letter, and the very Obedience of Sir *Tunbelly's* own Command, shall signifie nothing; here may be a Snake in the Grass; the Sir Politick *Tunbelly* has all the Reason to look about him. For *did this Justice never hear of such a thing as Knavery?* [Nor this Critick of such a thing as Foolery?]

However, *Sir Tunbelly could be no Stranger to the Lord Foppington's Singularities?* Why, truly not over-well acquainted with them at Fifty Miles distance. For if we could suppose Sir *Tunbelly* so over inquisitive, in so needless a Curiosity, about his Son-in-Law; Yet I cannot well apprehend how all the particular Nicer Singularities of a *London* Beau, should enter the Understanding of a Country Clodpate Justice upon a bare Description only; but rather that this very Riding down Post, with his Equipage following behind him, might look like as Natural a Singularity, of so *Fantastick* a Character, as any other of his

Fantasticks, and rather confirm Sir *Tunbelly's* Faith then shake it. And why should Sir *Tunbelly's* Intellects suspect an Impostor in his Beau Son-in-Law, for appearing before his Mrs. in his *half* Glory the first Day, *viz.* in Deshabille, to Dazle her in his *full* Glory the next? Or rather is not this Critick a little too hard upon that whole prevailing Party the Beaux, when he will not allow one Cavalier amongst 'em all, that dares trust his Complexion but to one Days Journey on Horseback?

'But now for the true *Lord's* Misconduct.
'His going down to Sir *Tunbelly*, was as
'extraordinary as his Courtship. He had
'never seen this Gentleman. He must know
'him to be beyond measure suspicious, and
'that there was no Admittance without *Cou-*
'*pler's* Letter. This Letter was the Key to
'the Castle: he forgot to take it with him,
'and tells you, *'twas stol'n by his Brother Tam.*
'And for his part he neither had the Discre-
'tion to get another, nor yet to produce that
'written by him to Sir *Tunbelly*. [*that writ-*
'*ten to him by Sir Tunbelly, I suppose he*
'*means*] Had common Sense been consulted
'upon this occasion, the Plot had been at an
'End, and the Play had sunk in the Fourth
'*Act.*

But

But to consult common Sense in this case, possibly a little farther then this Critick himself has done;

First then, let us inquire into the Strength of this Castle Key, *viz.* without which there was no admittance. This we have in the Fifth Act, after Young *Fashion's* Return to Town, by a Letter of the Lord's to *Coupler* from the Country, *viz.*

Dear *Coupler*,

I have only time to tell thee in three Lines, or thereabouts, that here has been the Devil, that Rascal Tam, having Stole the Letter thou hadst formerly writ for me to bring Sr. Tunbelly, form'd a Damnable Design upon my Mrs, &c.

Whatever Introductory Power, this Letter formerly written by *Coupler*, (possibly more a Flourish upon the Merits of the Noble Peer the Bearer, than any considerable Key to his Admission) might be supposed to carry; yet upon the Receipt of Sr. *Tunbelly's* particular Invitation, this *Coupler's* Letter, (however serviceable to the smaller Figure of the false Lord, Young *Fashion*, and necessary to his Plot) was so little wanted to the True Lords Approaches; that what could he expect less than

that the Gates were all ready to fly open at his Appearance? Could the Lord *Foppington's* Vanity and Pride, with an Equipage of twenty Liverys and two Coaches and Six, and so solemnly invited, think so little of himself, as to want any old or new Passport from *Coupler*, when such mutual satisfaction on both sides had paved his way, and so much Grandeur carried its own Credentials; so that the preservation either of one Letter or the other, upon so poor a score as a Testimonial of his Veracity, was rather below the thoughts of a Lord *Foppington*; and all this more an Essential to his Character than a disagreement or blemish in it.

This dead - doing Critick thus flush'd with all this success against the *Relapser*, is resolved to make through Work with his slaughtering Hand, and consequently the *Characters* in the Play, shall be as Monstrous as the *Conduct*.

“ Let us see how Sr. *Tunbelly* hangs together. This Gentleman, the Poet,
 “ makes a *Justice of Peace*, and a *Deputy*
 “ *Lieutenant*, and Seats him fifty Miles
 “ from *London*; but by his Character you
 “ would take him for one of *Hercules's*
 “ Monsters, or some Gyant in *Guy of Warwick*.
 “ wick.

“ *wick*. His Behaviour is altogether Ro-
 “ *mance*, and has nothing agreeable to Time
 “ or Country, &c.

The Stage Paintings of Dramatick Poetry have always been allow'd to take the Features a little larger than the Life. And generally there's a very strong Reason for it. For 'tis not *One* Fool that fits for the Picture; but the Imagery in one single Character sometimes may include a whole Sect of *Fools* or *Knaves*. How many excellent Dramatick pieces would otherwise be lost, such as a *Morose* in the *Silent Woman*, *Sir Nicolas Jimcrack*, in the *Virtuoso*, and indeed most of the Characters of Fools or Humorists, if their Authors had no Poetical grains of allowance for a little stretch in the Pencil work? And for the Romantick *Sir Tunbelly*; in my weak Eye-sight, he looks no more like one of *Hercules's* Monsters in his over-cautious Guardianship of his Rich Heirefs; then Mr. *Collier*, like an *Herculean* *Champion*, in his Batteling the Stage: Nay, I am rather afraid Mr. *Collier* instead of *doing* the work of a *Hercules*, has *found* work for one; whilst he has heap'd *Dirt* enough, (not of the Stages, but of his own) for an *Augæas's* Stable.

Next let us see how he makes Miss *Hoyden* hang together.

“ Here is a Compound of ill Manners
 “ and Contradiction. Is this a good resem-
 “ blance of Quality, a Description of a
 “ great Heiress, and the Effect of a cautious
 “ Education? By her Courtness you would
 “ think her Bred upon a Common. To
 “ present her thus unhewn, he should
 “ have suited her Condition and Name a lit-
 “ tle better. If he had resolved to have
 “ shewn her thus unpolished, he should
 “ have made her keep *Sheep*, or brought
 “ her up at the *Wash-bowle*.

If Descent and Education can perform
 such wonders; yet as high Veins as this
 Young Lady can boast of, and though an
 Heiress to 1500 *l. per Annum*, methinks
 she has no great Hereditary claim to those
 Extraordinary good Manners and refin'd
 Conversation as Mr. *Collier* expects from
 her, when she derives from a Sir *Tunbelly* to
 her Father: Nay nor any such over-pro-
 mising Hopes, such very great *Effects*
 from her *Cautious Education* neither, when
She liv'd in the Country, fifty Miles off, with
her Honoured Parents, in a lone House, which
no body comes near, she never goes abroad, nor
sees Company at home; to prevent all Misfor-
tunes,

tunes, she has her Breeding within Doors : The Parson of the Parish Teaches her to Play on the Base-Viol, the Clerk to Sing, her Nurse to Dress, and her Father to Dance. Relapse, page 18.

Now - considering both her *Genealogy*, and her *Nursery*, methinks the *Relapser's* Miss *Hoyden*, though a little of the Courtest, is not that unnatural Flower, when rear'd from such a Root, and in such a Garden. But if this peevish unsatisfied Naturalist, will expect such Miracles of Perfection, Wit, Manners, Politeness, and all from so uncultivated a piece of Quality ; methinks this Critick would make a rare Courtier to King *Pharoah*, for he's most Divinely Qualify'd for an *Egyptian Task-master*.

He has much the same Quarrel against the Lord *Foppington*.

“ Vanity and Formalizing is his part. To
 “ let him speak without Awkwardness and
 “ Affectation, is to put him out of his Ele-
 “ ment. There must be Gum and Stifning
 “ in his Discourse to make it Natural. How-
 “ ever the *Relapser* has taken a Fancy to his
 “ Person, and given him some of the most
 “ gentile Raillery in the whole Play. To
 “ give an Instance or two, This Lord in
 “ Discourse with *Fashion* forgets his Name,
 “ flies

“ flies out into Sense and smooth Expres-
 “ sion, out-talks his Brother, and abating
 “ the Starch’d Similitude of a Watch, dis-
 “ covers nothing of Affectation, for almost
 “ a page together. He relapses into the
 “ same Intemperance of good sense, in
 “ another Dialogue between him and his
 “ Brother.

This fault Mr. *Collier* has here found in the Lord *Foppington*, he resolves shall outdo his own perfections. ’Tis true this Critick *flies out* generally into *smooth Expression*, but not into overmuch *Sense*; but however he has given you a very stanch Reason why good *Sense* in this case, should be the least of his Care. For being a Virtuous, Modest and Sober Gentleman, possibly he thinks it a piece of his Christian Duty to guard himself safe from *Lapsing into Intemperance*.

But methinks this Gentleman might have read in an Old Greek Authority,

Πολλάκι καὶ τοὶ μῶρῳ ἂν ἦν κατακρίρον εἶτε.

A Fool may sometimes throw in a word to the purpose. Besides this Critick strangely forgets himself. For ’twas but four pages before that he himself was clearing Lord *Foppington*’s Character, bating his Vanity, Formality and Fantastickness, from any thing that looks like *Fool* or *Idiot*. And why he
 Quar-

Quarrels a Man that's no Fool, for speaking a little Sense, is somewhat unaccountable. But if the plain Truth were known, he is not so pettish at the Lord *Foppington's speaking Sense*, as the *Relapser's* writing it. Ay! there's the Heart burning! This unhappy Author, whether because he's none of his own *Royalists*, or has not made his Parson *Bull* one of them, or lies unabsolved for some other heinous Transgression; one way or other, he languishes under the utter Displeasure of the angry and irreconcilable *Mr. Collier*.

The next Critick Work he takes in hand are the three Unities of *Time*, *Place* and *Action*; and to shew us how far the *Relapse* breaks those Rules.

“ The Design of these Rules is to conceal the Fiction of the Stage, to make
 “ the *Play* appear more Natural, and to
 “ give it an Air of Reality and Conversation. The largest compass for the first
 “ Unity is Twenty four Hours; but a less
 “ proportion is more Regular, &c. The
 “ whole Business of the Play should not
 “ be much longer then the time it takes
 “ up in Playing. To observe the second
 “ Unity, the Scene must not wander from
 “ one Town or Country to another. It
 “ must

“ must continue in the same City, where
 “ it was first laid, &c. The third Uni-
 “ ty, viz. of Action, consists in contriving
 “ the chief Business of the Play single, &c.
 “ All the Forces of the Stage must as it
 “ were serve under one General, &c. To
 “ represent two considerable Actions inde-
 “ pendent of each other destroys the Beau-
 “ ty of Subordination, weakens the Con-
 “ trivance, and dilutes the Pleasure. It
 “ splits the *Play*, and makes the *Poem* dou-
 “ ble. He that would see more upon this
 “ Subject may consult *Corneille*.

These Unities are no new Stage-Doctrin,
 but what, by some of the greatest Modern
 Brothers of the *English* Quill has been very
 often, most Learnedly, and I much fear, as
 impertinently handled. For the strict Ob-
 servation of these *Corneillean* Rules, are as
 Dissonant to the *English* Constitution of the
 Stage, as the *French* Slavery to our *English*
 Liberty. 'Tis true, that strictness may be
 much more practicable in the *French* Model
 of Plays; and for this amazing Reason, viz.
 that the *French* who are the sprightliest
 Conversation of all People in the World,
 can nevertheless be the dullest of Mankind
 at their Play-houses; can be contented to
 hear a Play made up of a short-winded Plot,
 and a few long-winded Speeches, much a-
 bout

bout enough for the Argument of one of our *Acts*, and go home as much regaled as from a Misers Feast: And the Devils in't if their Dramatick Authors cannot furnish out so scanty a Banquet, with all the fore-mention'd Unities; and pride in it accordingly.

I shall expatiate a little more then Ordinary upon this Argument, not only to answer Mr. Collier, but also some Modern *would-be-Criticks*, that are wonderfully tickl'd with their own nicer Stage performances, under this strict *Cornelian* Model of *Unities*. First then I shall so far joyn with Mr. Collier, That *concealing the Fiction of the Stage; and making the Play appear with the more Air of Reality*, is a great work of the Poet. For indeed *Dramatick Poetry*, is Supported chiefly by *Theft* and *Delusion*. The Images we steal or borrow, whether Historical or Fictitious, must be set out with all that liveliest Art, that like *Zeuxes* his *Grapes* or *Apelles* his *Curtain*, the Picture may best deceive. For *Poetry*, especially the *Dramatick*, is but *Painting*; only this Picture finds a Tongue; and is a *speaking Painting*. I had occasion in a late Copy of Verses to give a little Description of *Painting*, which upon my second Review looks so very applicable to *Poetry*, that not
to

to treat my Reader with all downright Reasoning, I'll give him a few Taggs of Rhime too, and venture for once to repeat them.

If Heav'n-stol'n Fires could animate the
(Clay ;

What nobler Theft the daring Pencils play?
So much the bolder Painter does out-fly
The old Promethean Petty Larceny;
Not a poor spark snatch'd from his Chariot
(Wheels;
Not steals from Jove, but Jove himself he
(steals.

*Him not the Skies Imperial Rover scapes;
He hunts him through the Gold, Swan, Bull,
 (all Shapes,
The very God expos'd in all his amorous
 (Rapes.*

*Nay the still more Audacious Rifler pryes
Into the inmost Chambers of the Skies.*

He steals his very Juno from his Arms ;
And with a Sacrilege ev'n yet more bold,
Unveils to Humane Eyes the Naked Goddess
(Charms ;

*And gives the Trojan Boy once more the
(Ball of Gold.*

*Illustrious Art, whom Ministring Nature, all
Thy Hand-maid, waits on thy commanding Call!
Like the Great FIAT, thou both Day and Night
Call'st forth, and deck'st in their own Shades and
Light.*

Ev'n

Ev'n Heavn's whole Hierarchy, the Lords
By thee their whole Triumphant Chariots
From th' Harneſt Dragon to the bridled Dove.
Mercurial Art, who captiv'd Eyes to take,
Thou do'ſt a Virtue of Deluſion make ;
Thou only Honelt Cozener, Fair Deceit,
Who can'ſt ev'n conſecrate both Theft and
(Cheat.

But, (returning to our Argument) notwithstanding all this Analogy between the Pencil Draughts and the Poet's; yet there's one infinite diſtinction between the Air of reality on the one ſide and the other. For in a Draught of Pencil Painting, that Air is the whole Perfection of the Piece. A ſingle *Roſe*, a half *Face*, the leaſt piece of Life, nay an *Æſop* or a *Cripple*, even *Deformity* it ſelf, well perform'd, ſhall carry an Excellence; and conſequently this Air of Reality give, the whole Delight. But in the Dramatick Painting, that Air is only the *Handmaid* to our delight, only the *Light* to ſet off the Picture. 'Tis the Charms and Beauties of the *Object Painted*, not the Painting it ſelf that gives the compleat ſatisfaction and pleaſure. Here therefore Mr. *Collier* has layd a little too much ſtreſs upon his Air of Reality (the Foundation of his
 Unity

Unity Rules;) as if the Entertainment of the Stage lay only in the well performance in that point, when in has a prospect infinitely beyond it.

Now therefore, as the Painter is not so much to please himself, but him that buys the Picture; so (to leave the Allegory and come closer to the point,) we must examine what sort of Dramatick Entertainment will please an *English* Audience, and that will shew us how far his Unity Rules will bear in *England*, and consequently settle the whole Controversie between us.

Here the shortest way to tell you what *will* please an *English* Audience, I think, is to look back and see what *has* pleased them. And here let us first take a view of our best English Tragedies, as our *Hamlet*, *Mackbeth*, *Julius Caesar*, *Oedipus*, *Alexander*, *Timon of Athens*, *Moor of Venice*, and all the rest of our most shining Pieces. All these, and the Rest of their Honourable Brethren, are so far from pent up in *Corneilles* narrower *Unity Rules*, viz. the Business of the Play confined to no longer Time than it takes up in the Playing; or his largest Compass of 24 Hours; that nothing is so ridiculous as to pretend to it. — The Subjects of our English *Tragedies* are generally
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the whole Revolutions of Governments, States or Families, or those great Transactions; that our *Genius* of Stage-poetry can no more reach the Heights that can please our Audience, under his *Unity* Shackles, then an Eagle can soar in a Hen-coop. If the *French* can content themselves with the sweets of a single Rose-bed; and nothing less then the whole Garden, and the Field round it, will satisfy the *English*; every Man as he likes: *Corneille* may reign Master of his own Revels; but he is neither a Rule-maker nor a Play-maker for our Stage. And the Reason is plain: For as Delight is the great End of Playing, and those narrow Stage-restrictions of *Corneille* destroy that Delight, by curtailing that Variety that should give it us; every such Rule therefore is Nonsense and Contradiction in its very Foundation. Even an Establish'd *Law*, when it destroys its own *Preamble*, and the *Benefits* design'd by it, becomes void and null in itself.

'Tis true, I allow thus far, That it ought to be the chief care of the Poet, to confine himself into as narrow a Compass as he can, without any particular stint, in the two First Unities of *Time* and *Place*; for which end he must observe two Things. First upon occasion (suppose in such a Sub-
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ject as *Mackbeth*) he ought to falsifie even History it self. For the Foundation of that Play in the *Chronicles*, was the Action of 25 Years: But in the Play we may suppose it begun and finish'd in one third of so many Months. Young *Malcom* and *Donalbain*, the Sons of *Duncomb*, are but Children at the Murder of their Father, and such they return with the Forces from *England* to revenge his Death: whereas in the true Historick Length they must have set out Children and return'd Men. Secondly, the length of Time, and distance of Place required in the Action, ought to be never pointed at, nor hinted in the Play. For example, neither *Malcomb* nor *Donalbain* must tell us, how long they have been in *England* to raise those Forces, nor how long those Forces have been Marching into *Scotland*; nor *Mackbeth* how far *Schone* and *Dunfinane* lay asunder, &c. By this means the Audience, who come both willing and prepar'd to be deceiv'd, (*populus vult decipi*, &c.) and indulge their own Delusion, can pass over a considerable distance both of *Time* and *Place* unheeded and unminded, if they are not purposely thrown too openly in their way, to stumble at. Thus *Hamlet*, *Julius Caesar* and those Historick Plays shall pass glibly; when the Audience shall be almost quite shockt at such a Play as *Henry*
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the 8th. or the *Dutchess of Malfey*. And why, because here's a Marriage and the Birth of a Child, possibly in two Acts ; which points so directly to Ten Months length of time, that the Play has very little Air of Reality, and appears too much unnatural. In this case therefore 'tis the Art of the Poet to shew all the Peacocks Train, but as little as possible of her Foot.

And as to the second Unity of Place. Here our Audience expect a little Variety, *viz.* some change of Scene. To continue it all on one spot of Ground, in one Chamber or Room, would rather disgust then please : And an Author that toyls for any such *difficiles Nuge*, such an over-curious Unity, only labours to be dull ; and deserves a success accordingly.

Now for these two Unities in our *Comedies*. Though that Inferior Walk of Fable may come into a little narrower enclosure of Time and Place than *Tragedy* ; however we rarely meet with a good *Comedy-plot* all fairly lodged under one single Roof, and dancing within the Circle of twenty four Hours ; much less in the Acting Time of the Play. 'Tis true we have an *Adventure of Five Hours* in some *Quondam* Reputation ;

tation; and some more Modern Pieces of scribble of small Reputation, that possibly have cramp't themselves into much the same Circumference; and the Authors perhaps not a little Vain in the wrong place; and challenging a Merit for e'en just nothing. However the general Cast of all our best *Comedies* take a great deal larger liberty than these precise Limitations, and lose little or no Air of their Reality by that Freedom. However our Audience have naturally such a Dispensing Goodness, in relation to these Tyrannick Rules, that they are never for tying up good Wit and good Plot to so short a Teddar, as to pinch and starve them. And thus in the case of the *Relapse*, our Audience are so far from angry at Lord *Foppingtons* or Young *Fashion's* Travels to Sir *Tunbelly's*, that they rather wish 'em a good Journey, and find the whole Entertainment there worth fifty Miles Ramble for; and their own Diversion not at all too dear bought, for being so far fetch'd.

To come to our last Unity of *Action*. Here both *Corneille* and his *Voucher*, are both as down-right dull, and as seriously impertinent, (as to our Stage Regulation) as their worst Enemies cou'd wish 'em. The contriving the chief Business of our Plays single,
is

is so nauseous to an *English* Audience, that they have almost peuk'd at a very good Dish for no other Fault. For example Mr. Gildon's *Phaeton*, that almost sunk under that only Disrelish. On the contrary here must be Under-plots, and considerable ones too, possibly big enough to juggle the Upper-plot, to support a good *English* Play; nay though the Under-plots do not much fight *under the great General*, and consequently the *Play splits and the Poem is double*, as Mr. Collier calls it; yet this instead of *weakening the Contrivance or Diluting our Pleasure*, shall rather strengthen the one, and double the other. For instance in such a Play as the *Spanish Fryer*. Here's Gomez, Elvira and Father Dominick, &c. so far from marching under the Banners of *Torismond* or *Leonora*, that 'tis enough they are Subjects of the same Government, and Denizens within the same City Walls, to recommend them to so considerable an underwalk in the same Play. And though as Mr. Collier very fancifully observes. *This strangeness of Persons, distinct Company, and Inconnexion of Affairs, destroys the Unity of the Poem. And that therefore the Contrivance is just as wise as it would be to cut a Diamond into two. Increasing the Number, abates the Value, and by making it more, you make it less.* Yet suppose the Audience in the

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same Play of the *Spanish Fryer*, instead of Fancying Mr. *Dryden* has cut one Diamond into two, should be rather of the Opinion, that he has joyn'd two Diamonds together, and so gives us a Locket, instead of a single Jewel ; and consequently both the Luster and Value increased ; how will this Diamond-splitter get himself off ? And will not the World be apt to think him as indifferent a *Lapidary* as he's a *Critick* ?

Now, Reader, as I have here stated the whole Prowess of Mr. *Collier*, and mustered all his Forces against the *Relapse* (his Batteries of *Immorality* and *Profaness* against it only excepted ; and upon that Subject the Ingenious Author has taken up a much abler Pen of his own :) so I hope I have done him all this publick Right, as to inform the World, that he never deviates from himself. His *Divinity* Lectures and his *Critic* ones, are spoken with the same Oraculous Eloquence : He keeps up to his Principles, and lapses into no more *Intemperance of Reason* in the one than the other.

But some untoward Reflections I cannot forbear, viz. upon Mr. *Collier's* so extraordinary Dudgeon against that Play. Has the Author sin'd more than any of his other profane

sane Brothers of the Quill, that the 'Divine Spirit of Mr. Collier, *Tanta animis cœlestibus Ira*, swells so very high against him? Or has this singular *Critick*, in all this direct Contradiction to the whole Opinion of the Town, concerning the *Relapse*, either the same value of his own Judgment, as the Philosopher at his Morality Lecture had of *Plato's*, viz. *Plato est mihi pro omnibus*: And consequently his own single dissenting Authority out-weighs all their whole United Favour to that Play? Or rather (now I fancy I have hit it) as he has all along endeavour'd through his Learned *View*, &c. to prove the whole Audience wanted their *Christian Senses* about them, when they can relish the present Profaness and Debauchery of the *Stage*; so he's resolved to deny 'em their *Common Senses* too, when they can hug so Monstrous a Darling as the *Relapse*.

Having in my first Part of my Review, already discharg'd a great Load of some of the most Capital *Blasphemies* from King *Arthur*, *Amphytrion*, &c. I should proceed in clearing some more of the Inferiour Rubbish of that kind from the *Stage*. But as a great part of that work has been done to my hands, by the Ingenious Author of the *Relapse*; I shall rather only make some ge-

neral Observations of that part of Mr. *Colliers* Remarks. — Here I must acknowledge there's some looser expressions of that kind that may admit of Censure and Correction; yet Mr. *Collier's* Charge against them is too vehemently aggravated with too Remote and Uncharitable Misrepresentations. Besides all those too loose or Libertine Expressions are charged as the private Sense of the Author, when a great many of them are only the Language of the Libertine Characters that speak them. For Instance the Lord *Foppington* says, *Sunday is a vile Day, I must confess; a Man must have little to do at Church that can give an account of the Sermon.* Is this “any laughing at the
 “ *Publick Solemnities of Religion, as if 'twas*
 “ *a ridiculous piece of Ignorance to pretend to*
 “ *the Worship of God?* Does this Expression of Lord *Foppington* amount to any more, then that he has no kindness for Sundays, because they baulk his Course of Pleasures; and that if he goes to Church 'tis not to mind the Sermon, but to Ogle the Ladies? And is this answer to *Amanda* any thing but what the Audience would expect from a Fop of his Vanity? And what the Author therefore has but honestly put into his Mouth? And is it for that Reason the Sense of the Author himself?

The *Fool* in the *Psalmist*, says in his *Heart*, *there is no God*; but I hope Mr. *Collier* will not tell us the *Psalmist* himself says so. If the Poet was accountable for every Excursion, Levity, Loosness or Atheism it self from every Character in his Play, the Author of the *Libertine Destroy'd*, if he were alive, would have a long Black Scroll to answer for; in his *Don John* and his two wicked Companions: at least if Mr. *Collier* had the handling of him.

But granting the Poets have Launch'd a little too boldly, and have put the *Libertine* Language in the wrong Mouths; yet still Mr. *Collier* has made but a very lame Collection of them; when the greater part of his Quotations have so little shadow of offence, that nothing but Mr. *Colliers* Magnifying-glass can discover them.

For Instance,

Sir *Sampson*, in *Love for Love* says,
Nature has been provident only to Bears and Spiders. “ This (says Mr. *Collier*) is the
 “ Authors Paraphrase on the 139th *Psalms*.
 “ And thus he gives God thanks for the
 “ Advantage of his Being. The Play ad-
 “ vances from one Wickedness to ano-
 “ ther, &c.

Could

Could any Interpreter but himself have made this Gloss upon that poor Text? or who but the bold Mr. *Collier* durst have brought God himself upon the Stage, from so Innocent an Expression? But Mr. *Collier*'s Readers are desired not to be over-surpriz'd at so many Visionary Profanations and Blasphemies as hee'll meet with through that Learned Author. For to tell you the Truth, the Arguing part is not so much his Business, as the Conjuring. His Work is not so much to find the Devils upon the Stage, as to raise 'em there.

“ In the Fourth Act of *Don Sebastian*, Mu-
 “ stapha Dates his Exaltation to Tumult
 “ from the second Night of the Month Abib.
 “ Thus you have the Holy Text abused by
 “ Capt. Tom, and the Bible torn by the Rab-
 “ ble. The design of this Liberty I can't
 “ understand, unless it be to make *Mustapha*
 “ as considerable as *Moses*, and the preva-
 “ lence of a Tumult as much a Miracle, as
 “ the Deliverance out of *Egypt*.

Here *Mustapha*, a Moor of *Barbary*, for nothing but speaking a word in his own Language, and calling the Month *Abib* in its proper Name, because forsooth that Month is mention'd in Scripture, is therefore Teasing of Bibles, setting up new Prophets equal

equaling *Moses*, and Bantering of Miracles.
Risum teneatis Amici!

If every Word in the Bible, upon its admission into Holy Writ, is so exalted and incorporated into the Divinity, that it must never descend into the World again, nor enter profane Lips or Humane Conversation, under the premunire of Irreligion or Blasphemy; at this rate a Man must have a care how he sends for his *Cloak*, or a Scholar for his *Books*, especially upon a *Stage*, for fear of Burlesquing of Scripture, Bantering of Apostles, and even profaning the very Gospel it self; and Why? Does not *St. Paul* in his Divine Writ, desire *Timothy* to bring him his *Cloak* his *Books* and his *Parchments*?

Well, to shew my Reader that *Mr. Collier* is not the only Muster-Master General of the Black List of the Stage Blasphemies. I durst lay him a Wager, that I'll cull him a whole Set of them, out of the poor Innocent Sir *Martin Marral*, as topping ones as the very biggest in his whole Collection, and all founded upon as Natural a Construction, &c. And possibly in so doing, I may give my Reader a little clearer Light into the Strength and Dint of *Mr. Collier's* Eloquent Reasoning upon that Subject.

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To begin therefore at the lower Form, and so rise *Gradatim*. Warner says of Sir Martin. *His Follies are like a Sore in a Surfeited Horse : Cure it in one place, and it will break out in another.* Is not this plain *Burlesque* upon Holy Scripture, and a profane *Ralley* upon the Divine Solomon himself? For does not he tell us, *Bray a Fool in a Morter, yet his foolishness will not depart from him.* And tho' Mr. Dryden, for his incurable Fool, does not borrow the Words, he borrows the plain Sense from Solomon; and his disguising the Language, (to speak like Mr. Collier) is too thin a Screen to cover the profanation.

Sir Martin. *I am resolved to Kill my self.*

Warner. *You are Master of your own Body.*

Sir Martin. *Will you let me damn my Soul?*

Warner. *At your pleasure, as the Devil and you can agree about it.*

What, does this Author make a Jest of Damnation? The most serious Consideration of Death and Eternity thus trifled with? “ *Is there no Diversion without insulting the God that made us, the Goodness that would save us, and the Power that can Damn us?*” page 95. I can't forbear expressing my self with some warmth under these provocations; what Christian can be unconcern'd at such Intollerable Abuses? page 80.

Lord

Lord Dartmouth to Mrs. Christian. *Pretty Innocence ! let me sit nearer to you, you don't understand what Love I bear you ; I vow it is so pure, my Soul's not sullied with one spot of Sin. Were you a Daughter or a Sister to me, with a more Holy Flame I could not Burn.*

How now ! What is this Hypocrite Libertine, in seducing his Young Mrs. Courting her in the very Language of *Divine Inspiration* ? For who can burn with Holy Flames, but *Saints, Confessors* and *Martyrs* ? Nay does not the Divine Spouse, the very Type of our Saviour, in the *Canticles*, all along burn with Holy Flames ?

“ What a spight have these Men to the
 “ God that Made them, and the Saviour
 “ that Redeemed them ? How do they Re-
 “ bell upon his Bounty, and attack him
 “ with his own Reason ? These Gyants in
 “ wickedness, how would they Ravage
 “ with a Stature proportionable ? They
 “ that can swagger in Impotence, and
 “ Blaspheme upon a Mole-hill ! What
 “ would they do, if they had strength to
 “ their good Will ?

Sir Martin to Warner. *Well well, I am a Fool ! but what am I the nearer for being one ?*
 Warner.

Warner. *Oh, yes ; a great deal the nearer :
For now Fortune is bound to provide for you,
as Hospitals are Built for Lame People that
can't help themselves.*

What does this Author mean by *Fortune*? Is not this spoken by the principal Character, the only Man of Sense in the Play? And coming from the Mouth of a *Christian* ; consequently, *here are no Pagan Divinities in the Scheme* (page 83) *Fortune* is no Goddess in the Christian Theology, 'tis the *Divine Providence* alone, is the Dispenser of our Humane Blessings. “ *So that all*
“ *the Atheistick Raillery must point upon the*
“ *true God. Here Profaness is shut out from*
“ *Defence, and lies open without Colour or E-*
“ *vasion* : For is not here under the Notion or Name of *Fortune*, even *Divine Providence*, and what's that but G—— himself,
“ *(Oh the very Essence and Spirit of Blasphemy !)* brought in upon the most ridiculous Occasion? viz. to provide for a Fool? Nay, he's bound, tyed, obliged ; 'tis no less then his very *Duty* to provide for him. Oh Execrable, Execrable! “ *Tis too hideous to*
“ *lye upon Paper.*

Nay the latter half of the Diabolical Sentence favours almost as rank of the Cloven-Foot, as the beginning. For is not here a
Sar-

Sarcastical squint upon Hospitals? And pray what are Hospitals, but the most Religious Foundations of *Charity*; and possibly the most shining Structures of *Christianity*! *Let your Light so shine, that Men may see your good Works, and Glorify your Father which is in Heaven.* Besides are not those Hospitals generally of *Royal* Foundation? And therefore does not this Scurrilous Scribler rally even upon *Crown'd-Heads* themselves? Nay does not One of those Hospitals stand upon a *Protestant* Foundation, Rais'd by the Pious Young *Edward*? And dare this Impudent Banterer pass his scoffing Jest upon the very *Reformation*? In short, he begins his most audacious Profaness upon the Majesty of *Heaven*, and ends it upon the Majesty of *Kings*.

Warner tells Sir Martin, *That his Mistress is to be Married in Private, to save the Effusion of Christian Money.* What! Is the Title of *Christian*, the very Badg of our Faith, and Seal of our *Baptism*, given to that filthy Idol *Money*? Are we setting up the Old *Golden Calf*, and displaying the very Bannor of our Salvation before him? The design of this Liberty I cannot understand, unless it be the making a God of *Mammon*, the Chests of Old *Moody* the Shrine of the *Deity*, and the squandering the

the least Relique from so Sacred a Divinity, as much as the Effusion of the whole Blood of the *Martyrs*. “ And all this in a
 “ Christian Country, in a Reform’d
 “ Church; and in the Face of Authority?
 “ Well I perceive the Devil was a Saint in
 “ his *Oracles*, to what he is in his *Plays*.
 “ His Blasphemies are as much improv’d
 “ as his Style; and one would think the
 “ *Muse* were *Legion*.

Lady Dupe (speaking of Mrs. *Christian*,
 whom my Lord *Dartmouth* had Debauch’d)

Did your Lordship win her soon?

Lord. *No Madam, but with great Difficulty.*

Lady Dupe. *I am glad on’t. It shews the
 Girl had some Religion in her.*

Religion! What in playing the Whore!
 Is not Religion the whole Duty of Man,
 the whole Basis of Christianity, and the
 very Key to Heaven? And is this Author
 therefore making a Saint of a *Dalilah*, turn-
 ing Wantonness into Piety, Lewdness into
 Devotion, &c.

“ This is plain Blasphemy within the
 “ *Law*, comes as it were from the *Pandæmo-*
 “ *nium*, and almost smells of Fire and
 “ Brimstone. This is an Eruption of
 “ Hell with a Witness; I almost wonder
 “ the

“ the Sun, and turn'd the Air to Plague
 “ and Poison !

“ These are outrageous Provocations, e-
 “ nough to arm all Nature in Revenge ; to
 “ exhaust the Judgments of Heaven, and
 “ sink the Island in the Sea !

I could run on with this Spiritual Cant,
 (for that's the honestest Name I can here
 give it) and collect you a whole Volume
 of this kind of Jargon ; but this Sample
 will suffice, to shew you how easy 'tis to
 extract Blasphemy from Mr. Collier's Lim-
 beck. And here I'll positively (all jesting
 laid aside) justify, That these Quotations
 from honest Sir Martin, have as solid a
 Foundation for all the foregoing blasphem-
 ous Constructions ; and every Inference I
 have here made is as Genuine, as above two
 thirds of Mr. Collier's whole Collection up-
 on that Topick. Now, if this be really the
 whole Dint of his Constructive Reasoning,
 and consequenrly there's nothing here quo-
 ted, or harangued, but what Mr. Collier
 might honestly father ; I would ask any
 rational Man, where lies the Blasphemy in
 the Text, or the Comment ; and, Who's the
 Blasphemer, the Poet, or the Collier ? And
 thus, as Mr. Collier's Top-Eloquence and
 Reasoning, stands upon this crazed Basis, Is
 E it

it not time to wish him clean Straw, a dark Room, and good Nursery, for his Recovery ?

But to make a littler farther Answer to the unreasonable Offence Mr. *Collier* has taken against the Stage upon the profane Account ; we shall give one remarkable Evidence, That Profaness, Irreligion, or Irreverence to God, or his Divine Word, or any Expressions tending to Blasphemy, (however several may be misrepresented such, more than really so) are not willfully the Stages Fault. For it has been a customary Practice, more especially of late, and which has gain'd the very Force of a Law, upon the English Stage ; not only to avoid the irreverent, or idle using of the Name of God, but even not to use it at all. For Instance, in all our Plays that are founded upon a Christian Story ; in all the deepest Distresses of Tragedy, where 'tis highly natural, and even as reasonable, (and therefore more Pardonable) for the suffering Characters to start into any Invocation, or other Mention, of Heav'n ; the Language of that kind, speaks always in the Heathen Dialect : For either *Fate, Stars, Destiny* ; or otherwise, *Gods, Powers, Deities, Immortals*, all in the plural Number, and consequently *Heaven and Providence* upon the
the

the same Heathen Basis, are promiscuously used upon all Occasions. And thus we break the very Unity of the Stage, in bringing the old Heathen Theology, to speak *English* in our own Modern Subjects, on purpose to give no shadow of Offence to the Christian Religion, nor to use that Great Name upon a Fictitious Occasion. 'Tis true the Name of *God* may sometimes but rarely be used, as for instance by *Cardinal Woolsey* after his disgrace, in the Play of *Henry the Eighth*.

*Had I but served my God with half that Zeal
I serv'd my King, he would not in my Age
Have left me Naked to my Enemies.*

But here, both the Solemnness of the Occasion, and these the Express Words of *Woolsey*, taken from the Chronicle, excuse this Liberty. But otherwise even in our Comedies, we Write and Speak all upon the Heathen Scheme of Divinity; as *Philocles* in the *Mayden Queen*.

*So when it Thunders,
Men reverently quit the open Ayr,
Because the angry Gods are then abroad.*

To answer a little farther to the Dangerous Impressions upon the Affections, that

both the *primitive Fathers*, and Mr. Collier seem to fear from the Stage, I have this to urge.—— If it be Lawful to *read a Profane History* either True or Romantick; 'tis equally, if not more Lawful, to *hear* that Truth or Romance digested into a *Drama*, and personally represented on the Stage: And for these Reasons.

But before I proceed, I fancy Mr. Collier will assent with me; That both *History* and *Romance* are lawful to be read; I am sure he seems to be strongly of that Opinion in his Introduction to his Remarks upon *Don Quixot*, where he tells us, “ This Poet, “ (meaning Mr. *Dursey*) writes from the “ *Romance* of an ingenious Author: By this “ means his Sence and Characters are cut “ out to his Hand. He has wisely planted “ himself upon the Shoulders of a *Gyant*; “ but whether his Discoveries answer the “ Advantages of his standing, the Reader “ must judge.

This high Encomium upon the Author of the *Romance* of *Don Quixot*, seems in some measure to applaud, or at least justify the composure it self: And if Fiction, even in its lowest Class, *viz.* in that *Mock Romance*, may bear so fair Character from Mr. Collier's own Acknowledgment; sure we

we may conclude, that History, and the higher Rank of Fiction, may come within the pale of *Licenceable* and *Lawful*.

To proceed then with my Argument.

What is *History* or *Romance*, but the Relation of *Human Actions*, *Passions*, and *Conversation*? And that Relation *Narratively*, or *Dramatically* set forth, differs only in the *Modus* and *Form*, not *Substance*: Thus, whether I read or hear a *History* or *Romance* read to me, and consequently what is spoken or delivered to me in the single Narration one way, from one Mouth; or in the Theatrick Representation another way, from twenty Mouths; still the difference lies only in the *Form* and *Manner* of the *Conveyance* of that Truth or *Fiction* to my Ear, Apprehension and Affections, and not in the Truth or Fiction it self: So that if the Stage be any ways Dangerous or Offensive, that Offence and Danger lies not in the *Play* or *Subject* of it, but the bare *playing* of it, as it is set forth upon our *Stages*.

What then, so extraordinary does the *playing* it self perform? Does it imprint the subject of the History, or Fiction, too lively in the Fancy, more than the bare Reading it can do; and consequently leaves too

passionate a Fondness behind it, for any of the Characters represented in the Play? No, quite contrary. For he that Reads a History, or Romance, if a sensible Reader, raises in his own Fancy some *Idea* of this or that *Hero* or *Heroine*, or perhaps *Liber-tine* or *Lover*, which he shapes to himself more or less lovely; chiefly from the personal Description of the Character, the Bravery, the Adventures, and Distresses, &c. which he reads in the History; and partly from his own Humour or Inclinations which possibly may recommend one particular Character, more to his Favour than another. The *personal Idea* of this Historical or Romantick Favourite, he carries with him from his Closet to his Bed, and can rise with it to morrow: For as 'tis a Form of his own Creation, his Scene of *Fancy* gives it an Air of *Truth* and *Life*.

But when you see the *Hero* or *Heroine*, or any other *Darling* in a *Play*, 'tis in the person of the *Actour* or *Actress*. And tho' this *Actour* or *Actress* possibly by their *Meins*, their *Gestures* and *Actions*, for the time they are playing, may transport you into as many Raptures of *Tenderness*, *Admiration*, or what not, as the *Darling* in the *History* or *Romance*; yet here when the *Play's* done, the Charm is ended. No sooner is the Cur-
tain

tain false, but both the *Hero* and the *Heroine* are no more to you, than the *Betterton* and *Barry*. You carry away the pleasure indeed of knowing you have been wittily cheated for two hours and a half. But all your whole Concern for 'em, even those most lasting Impressions, *viz.* of *Pity* and *Compassion*, are now all over: For you are cheated no longer. And all for this plain reason, *viz.* you want that darling *personal Idea*, which the Reading only can give you, not the *Playing*. 'Tis true, you'll say, the seeing a *Play* may raise an Affection in us for the *Virtues*, *Honour* or *Bravery*, or possibly for some worse *Qualification* in some darling *Character* in a *Play*, abstracted from the Person in the *Play*, *viz.* the Comedian that presents it: However the *History* or *Romance* does all this, rather more than the *Drama*; for much the same reason, as Precept alone is not so prevalent as Precept and Example together, *viz.* here's nothing but the Charms of the *Argument* in the *Play* can leave an Impression; but in the *History* or *Romance*, here is not only that Charm, but the personal Charms too in the forementioned *Idea* that make the Impression, and thereby strengthen and heighten the forces of *Reading*, by a more lasting Image of Reality above those of *Actions*,

Nay, *Reading* it self gives us a kind of *Theatrical Representation* of the whole subject we read. The Reader can no sooner enter into a great or passionate Story, but he builds a *Stage* in his *Fancy*; he follows, in his *Eye of Imagination*, both the *Hero* to the *Field*, and the *Lover* to the *Bour*, the *Grott* or the *Closet*; and has not only the aforesaid *personal Ideas*, but also all the whole *Scene of Action* painted in his *Fancy*. And a too dangerous *Impression* (if such can be received from either of them) may as easily be taken from a favourite *Character* upon this *Stage*, as the *Play-house* one. So that if *Reading of Books*, as 'tis plain, be equally, or rather more dangerous, than *Acting of Plays*; when Mr. *Collier* shuts up the *Play-houses*, and denies the *Ladies* and *Gentlemen* their *Diversions* on the *Stage*, he must dismantle their *Closets* too; nay, he must carry his slaughtering hand too, from *Drury Lane* and little *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, to *Paul's Church-yard* and *Little Britain*; and make a more general *Conflagration* amongst them, than that in *St. Faith's Church* under *Pauls* after the *Fire of London*.

Amongst the many *Scandals* and *Offences* this *Author* meets with from the *Stage*, that of *Swearing* and *Cursing* upon it, is a very crying one. 'Tis true he does not descend

send to particulars, and tell us which and what are those Oaths, so frequently used in the Stage. However he quotes a Statute of the 3d of Jac. Chap. 21. against Swearing in the Play-house.

For the preventing, and avoiding of the great Abuse of the Holy Name of God in Stage Plays, and Interludes, &c. Be it Enacted, &c. That if at any time, after the end of this present Session, &c. Any Person, or Persons do, or shall, in any Stage-Plays, Enterlude, shew, &c. Jestingly or Profanely Speak, or use the Holy Name of God or of Christ Jesus, or of the Holy Ghost, or of the Trinity, which are not to be spoken, but with Fear and Reverence, shall forfeit for every such Offence, &c. Ten Pounds.

“ By this Act not only direct Swearing,
 “ but all Invocation of the Name of God is
 “ forbidden. ’Tis true, Here is Swearing
 by any or all of the Three Persons in the
 Godhead, or Speaking, or using their Holy
 Names, *viz. Jestingly or Profanely*, (so that
Cardinal Woolsey’s Naming of God, as men-
 tioned before, falls not under this Premu-
 nire) is expressly forbidden by this Act.
 But all this while, *Cursing* on the Stage is
 not at all forbid : Nor the General Rate of
 Swearing upon the Stage ; such as *By this*
Hand. By my Hopes. By this good Light.
By Jove. By Heaven’s ; and a hundred
 more

more of them; which though of a Minor Class are all Swearing.

Now as the whole *Wisdom of the Nation* in *Parliament* Assembled, at the making this Act of *Jac.* were here sate in Consult for the Honour of God, and his Great Name; and consequently had *Profaness, Cursing, and Swearing* immediately under their pious Consideration; and the *Play-house* in particular, in Examination before them: Would not one reasonably imagine, that this great *Council of the Nation*, would have made more thorough-work of the Reformation, that lay then upon their Hands; and consequently, have lay'd some Mulct, or punishment, though possibly but of Ten Groats, instead of Ten pounds, upon these Inferiour *profanesses* of the Stage, *viz.* If they had thought these *Swearings*, or the *Cursings*, upon the Stage, had been Offensive to *God, Good Manners* or *Religion*? All this, I say, might very Reasonably be supposed. But on the contrary, their universal Silence in that point looks like a *tacit* Confession, that, here were both *King, Lords*, (Spiritual and Temporal) and *Commons*, a whole *Nation*, all possess'd with a much more favourable Opinion of the *Stage*, than *Mr. Collier*; and not such over-violent Censors of the Faults of it. At this rate a *Timons of Athens*, with
re-

repeated Curses against all Mankind ; nay, a raving *Oedipus*, confounding the whole World, jumbling Earth and Heaven together ; blotting out Sun, Moon and Stars, and leaving the very Gods to *fustle in the Dark* ; would have found more Mercy at the Tribunal of a whole Kingdom, then from one Judge *Collier* upon the Bench against them.

Another Objection he makes against Swearing in the Play-house, is this : “ Besides that ’tis an ungentlemanly, as well as unchristian Practise, the Ladies make a considerable part of the Audience. And Swearing before Women is reckon’d a Breach of Good Behaviour ; and therefore a civil Atheist will forbear it. Besides, Oaths are a boisterous and tempestuous sort of a Conversation, &c. A Woman will start at a Soldier’s Oath, almost as much as at the Report of his Pistol, &c.

I doubt not but a *Soldierly* Oath may be a little terrible to the Fair Sex : But a *Lover’s* Oath, I fancy, is not altogether so dreadful to ’em : And ’tis that sort of Swearing reigns most upon the Stage. *By those fair Eyes* ; and, *By those sweet Charms*, and Twenty others of the same kind, are Oaths that carry not altogether so much Thunder in

in 'em, as a Volly from the Black-Guard : And, possibly, the Discharge of one of those Oaths would scarce fright the Ladies, in their Night-Gowns, and their Bed-Chambers. Nay, if the Feminine Courage dares not stand a greater Shock than this, they must have a Care how they open their dear *Cowley*, for fear of being frightened there too.

*By Heavens ! I'll boldly tell her, that 'tis she :
For, why should she asham'd, or angry be,
To be belov'd by me ?*

Another great, or rather greatest Transgression of the Stage, is, the *Abuse of the Clergy* : *Hinc illæ lachrimæ*. Ay, 'tis this Mortal Crime that pulls down all the Vengeance ; and, possibly, 'tis from hence the mourning Stage lies under the heaviest Weight of this Canonical Author's Displeasure. All the rest of the *Arbitrary Licentiousness* of the Stage, perhaps had never provoked all this Spiritual Indignation, had it not touch'd that *Maudlin*.

This Author, in his Voluminous Chapter upon that Head, gives us a long and laborious Declamation upon the Honour of the *Priesthood*. He sets out their whole untainted *Heraldry* at full View ; and bids the Insolence

solence of Dramatical Scandal and Calumny have a care how they dare presume to find a Blot in so fair a *Scutcheon*. Here Mr. Collier lays a very loud Charge against the Stage, for this particular *Profanation*: But, methinks, he's hard put to't for *Evidence* and *Proof* to support the *Indictment*, when the first *Witness* he brings in is Father *Dominick*, in the *Spanish Friar*. "This *Dominick* is made (he tells you) a *Pimp* for *Lorenzo*: "He is call'd a *Parcel of Holy Guts and Garbage*; and said to have *Room in his Belly* for his *Church-Steeple*. Methinks, I say, it looks a little odly, that Mr. Collier, to prove these Stage-Abuses of the Clergy upon us, should be forc'd to run to *Rome* for the Scandal; viz. in the Character of a Father *Dominick*. But, perhaps, his own particular *Tenderness* for the *Ecclesiasticks* of that *Cloth*, may make him resent a Dramatical Stain in a *Hood* and a *Cowle*, as a more Capital Abuse of the Clergy, than one in a *Scarf* and *Cassock*.

But if our *English* Stage has now and then a little exposed some of the Tatter'd and Daggl'd Gowns, &c. methinks, the Author of the *Persuasive to Consideration*, that falls himself so heavy, both upon the *Head* and *Body* of the Church, should not be so severe upon the Stage, for only rallying
some

some part of the *Tail* of it. Nay, 'tis yet a little more strange, that this Author should quarrel with the Stage for this Boldness with the *Clergy*, when he himself has furnish'd it with one of the most Divertive *Characters* for a *Comedy*; and one that would bear as just and as honest a *Satyr*, as any that ever appear'd upon it: For his very *Remarks* upon the *Relapse*, as he has manag'd them, abstracted from the rest of Mr. Collier's Singularities, would supply a Subject even for a whole *Farce*; and carry as fair a Title, call'd, *The Parson turn'd Critick*, as ever grac'd a Playhouse-Bill. But, to shew this Divine Author, that the Stage-Spirit of Scandal is not so very rampant against the *Clergy*, I am commission'd to tell him, that notwithstanding he has furnish'd them with so copious, and so pregnant a Subject; yet still his *Gown*, even his *quondam Gown*, shall protect him: Nay, the *Play-houses* are resolv'd to bear all the false and malicious Insults and Barbarities he has heap'd upon them, with that Return of *Meekness* and *Forgiveness*; that Mr. Collier himself (if not past it) the very *Divine*, may go to School to the *Theatre*, to learn even *Christianity* from a Play-house Example, whilst the *Stage* shall preach to the *Parson*.

Next,

Next, For the *Immoralities* and *Licentiousness* of the Stage. Here I am sorry Mr. *Collier* has any Occasion to find Offence ; and more sorry that the *Age* has corrupted the *Stage* ; whilst the *Effeminacy* of the two last Reigns has both furnish'd the Stage with so many *Libertine Pictures*, and indulg'd their Reception.

I shall join farther with Mr. *Collier*, and heartily wish, that both the *Levity of Expression*, and the too frequent Choice of *Debauch'd Characters*, in our *Comedies*, were retrench'd, and mended : That also the *Prize* in the *Comedy* might be always given to some deserving *Vertue* that wins it ; and consequently, our *Comedies*, even Fiction it self, might be made more *Instructive*, by a Poetick Justice, in rewarding and crowning the Vertuous Characters with the Success in the *Drama*. I'll join with him farther, and acknowledge that he has given us one very true Reason, why our *Comedies* are not so well furnish'd with that better Choice of Vertuous Characters, as 'tis to be wish'd they were ; and that is, from the *Laziness of the Authors*. “ To fetch Diversion (as he “ says) from Innocence, is no such easie matter ; there's no succeeding in it, it may be, in “ this Method, without Sweat and Drudg- “ ing.

“ ing : Clean Wit, inoffensive Homour, and
 “ handſom Contrivance require Time and
 “ Thought : And who would be at this Ex-
 “ pence, when the Purchaſe is ſo cheap an-
 “ other way.

This more innocent Model of Plays, I confeſs, would give both that greater Luſtre to the Stage, and that fairer Reputation to the Authors, as were truly worth the Poet's Sweating and Drudging for, as he calls it. But, all this while, I hope Mr. Collier does not expect that *All* the Characters, in the Comedy ſhould be Virtuous : A Composition of that kind cannot well be made ; nor would ſuch a Composition truly reach the whole Inſtructive Ends of the *Drama*. *Contraria juxta ſe poſita magis eluceſcunt*, is a very great Maxim, *The Foyl ſets off the Diamond*. And that Foyl, I may venture to ſay, is wanted in the Comedy, to make the Virtue ſhine the brighter. For Inſtance, in the *Relapſe* ; There ſeems to be a Neceſſity of a Treacherous *Berinthia*, (even with her looſeſt Arguments) to *enſnare*, and a Libertine *Worthy* to *attack* a Virtuous *Amanda*. Virtue cannot very well be wrought up to any *Dramatick* Perfection, nor ſparkle with any conſiderable Brightneſs and Beauties, unleſs it ſtands a Temptation, and ſurmounds it. We have a Proverbial Saying, that will hardly allow

allow that Woman to be truly chaste, that has never been try'd. This I am sure, the noblest Triumphs of Virtue are made by the Assaults it can resist and conquer. Thus the *Relapser's Amanda* crowns her Character even with a double Laurel; not only by Illustrating and (I may, not improperly, say) Aggrandizing her own Invincible Virtue in the Assault she has repulsed; but likewise, in the Conversion of her Assailing Libertine. 'Tis not supposed therefore that the *Dramatick* Poet must be oblig'd to borrow his Characters of Virtue from Lazy Cells, and Melancholy Cloysters; a Copy from a *Hermit*, or an *Anchoret*. No; His Characters of Virtue must come forth into the gay World, with Levity, Vanity, nay, Temptation it self, all round them. They must go to the Court, the Ball, the Masque, the Musick-Houses, the Dancing-Schools, nay, to the very Prophane Play-Houses themselves, (to speak in Mr. *Collier's* Dialect;) and yet come off unconquer'd. These are the Virtues that, to be Instructive to an Audience, are what should tread the Stage.

And consequently, if our Poets will set forth such Virtue, they must find her all this Worldly Conversation, and furnish the *Drama* accordingly.

But now to come to a Conclusion, and sum the whole Merits of his *View of the Stage*, &c.

Considering the Weakness and Falsity of his greatest and most important Arguments in that Piece. I may say, He's the Counsel at the Bar, not the Judge upon the Bench. All that bawling Eloquence pleads not for *Truth*, but *Conquest*; and with the very same Triumph, both the *Gown* and the *Long Robe*, pride themselves in their success. 'Tis he gains the Reputation and Applause of being the Ablest Lawyer, that can carry the weakest Cause.

Oh *Truth* ! Divine *Truth* ! How beautiful wouldst thou appear in thy native Glory, naked ! But when thy Orators have rigg'd thee out with all their false Rhetoric, and a whole superfætation of stretcht Sense, rack'd Argument, extorted Suggestions, and so much additional Fictions and Forgeries to fill up thy spurious Train ; what with the Paint, Patch, Plume, and all the false Drapery about thee, they bring thee forth in all that pomp and magnificence, when thou art least thy Self. And thus if all this Fucus, and all these gawdy Trappings unhappily mislead the Weak, the Easy,

fy,

fy, and the Ignorant, the fond Eyes, and captivated Hearts before thee ; 'tis not thy own, but thy *Jezabel* charms, that conquer them !

Here I must beg my Reader's pardon for speaking too much in the Stile of *Mr. Collier*, and running a little into Rapture upon this occasion. But to bring the plain matter home to his own door, I do declare in all the Triumphs he has gain'd by his View of the Stage, amongst all the Captives his Eloquence has made him ; the great Profelites to his Cause are not gain'd by the Truth, but by the Falsehood, in that Treatise. For Instance, 'Tis not the setting out of the Libertine, or Jilt, in our Comedies with a little too much free Air ; or the larding our Modern Plays with sometimes too much of the Smut, and double Entendres, &c. And for the profane part, 'tis not *Mr. Durfey's Furniture of Lucifer's Kitchen* ; his *Garbidge of Souls*, nor *Rashers of Fools*, &c. nor his *profaning of Balaam's Ass in his Epilogue*, p. 199. nor *Lady Froth's making Jehu a Hackney Coachman*, p. 64. nor *Sharper's making himself a God-father to Vain Love*, *vowing and promising in his Name*, &c. p. 63. Nor *Angelica's telling Sir Sampson*, that *the strongest of his Name pull'd an old house over his head* ; nor *Sancho's sending*

ding the Jew, *his Father*, to Abraham's Bosom, p. 72. nor Cynthia for saying *Marriage makes a Man and Wife one Flesh*, but leaves 'em two Fools, p. 82. nor Fashion for kicking *his Conscience down stairs*, p. 79, &c. nor Scandal, for saying, *That Solomon was a wise Man*, for his great Judgment in Astrology.

'Tis not these, nor all the rest of those minor Brethren in Iniquity; No, not with all Mr. Collier's perverse Discant upon them, that run down the Stage: But the more blasphemous Execrations in King *Arthur*, and *Absolon* and *Achitophel*; and that more prodigious mass of Blasphemy, Mr. Dryden's whole Play of *Amphitryon* (as we have set forth in our first Part) and to all these, the Fulminations of the Primitive Fathers, with their *Seat of Infection*, their *Chair of Pestilence*, &c. (how foreign to his Cause, and how feeble their Authority, we have already discoursed,) 'Tis upon this last *Babel* work, a pile that almost reaches Heaven, that Mr. Collier gives the Stage the most mortal Blow, and consequently gains all the aforesaid Profelites.

But the Reader is not to wonder that Falsehood is the great Charmer in that Treatise; for, to tell you the Truth, 'twas both founded in Falsehood, and stands supported

ported by it. For though *Religion* and *Reformation* was the pretence ; instead of a Cole from the Altar to inspire the Zeal, here was a warmer *Dulcis Odor*, fifty Guinea's Copy-money that animated the Cause. And though, God forbid, I should infer, That the Labours either of *Learning* *Piety* should go unrewarded ; yet, to confirm my Assertion, that *Interest* was here the Governing Ascendant : *Piety* never falsifies, nor prevaricates : He had never built so malicious, and sophistical a Fabrick, upon so holy a Ground, had Conscience laid the Corner stone. But as that Inferior first Mover set him at work, so he managed with Tools accordingly. Like the *Lawyer* at the Bar, as I said before, the *Fee* was large, and *Pleadings* must deserve it. And therefore as nothing but a total Overthrow of the Stage could make it so selling a Copy, and consequently afford the Author that Encouragement ; for gaining that point, he lay under the necessity not only of *Sophistry*, *Misconstruction*, &c. stretching every least *Peccadilio* more unmercifully, than a Dwarf in a *Procrustes* Bed, but even of dragging in the *Primitive* Fathers ; nay, the *Apostles*, and *Gospel* it self rightor wrong, to do the last Execution.

'Twas

'Twas thus this *Dagon* rose, and thus it gain'd the popular Knees that bend before it ; and indeed 'tis much such another Spirit of Falsehood, that gives it Fame and Reputation : For it goes for Current Authority round the whole Town, that Mr. *Dryden* himself had publickly declar'd it *Unanswerable* ; and thank'd Mr. *Collier* for the just Correction he had given him ; and that Mr. *Congreve*, and some other great Authors, had made much the same Declaration ; which is all so notoriously False, so egregious a Lye, that Mr. *Dryden* particularly always look'd upon it as a pile of *Malice*, *Illnature* and *Uncharitableness*, and all drawn upon the utmost Rack of *Wit* and *Invention*.

Thus Falsehood employ'd the Workman. Falsehood found the Materials. Falsehood rais'd the Structure, and Falsehood upholds it.

To give my Reader a particular Instance, how far the Temptation of a Selling Copy, even upon the most sacred and religious Subject, will prevail. Some Years since was publish'd a small Treatise, with the *Imprimatur* of Authority, called, *The Second Spira*, being the Relation of a young Gentleman,

tleman, the Son of a Person of Quality, who died in Despair, *December* the 8th. 1692. containing the Conferences of several Orthodox Divines, at several times, with the Particulars of their Spiritual Arguments, Reasonings, Admonitions, together with all the young Gentleman's Replies, his Execrations, Impenitence, Apostacy, and the whole Narrative of his Blasphemies to his last Gasps. This Piece was compiled by an Author as Ingenious as Mr. *Collier*, and that values himself as much upon his Morals and Religion; the Bookseller as Eminent, as Wealthy, and as zealous a Professor of Christianity, as most of the Trade. Of this Book several Impressions, near 20 Thousand were sold. Several prefatory Advertisements were printed, to support its Authority, and long and repeated Insinuations were almost daily made by the Publisher for the same Assertion. And yet, all this while, there was not so much as one Syllable, Tittle, or Jota of Fact or Truth in the whole History, but all pure Invention. Now tho' I dare not say with Mr. *Dryden*, that *Priests of all Religion are the same*, yet I may venture to say, that *pious Craft* in all Religions is much the same; and *Legends* will creep into all Churches. I do not urge this as a Parallel to Mr. *Collier's view of the Stage*. His Labours upon that subject, I confess, are not *all* legend; I acknowledge his view has some
mat-

matter of Truth in it ; but at the same time its Veracity a little agrees with the Description of Dr. Oates his Plot, in *Absolom and Achitophel*.

*Some Truth there was, but brew'd and dasht
with Lies,
To please the Fools, and puzzle all the Wise.*

And here I must give Mr. Collier the Honour of leading a small Squadron of *Truths* to attack the Stage ; but like Dr. Oats too, with a whole Legion of *Pilgrims* and *Black Bills* to back them.

And here again I must make one serious Reflection, to think how *Truth* is the best *Mistress*, but worst *served*. For that *Learning* and *Ingenuity* like Mr. Colliers, that is most able to do her the best and honourablest Service, makes her the worst and ignoblest Servant. And thus I may join with *Lactantius* (only changing one word,) *The Rule is, the more Rhetorick, the more Mischief, and the best Pen-men are the worst Commonwealthsmen. For the Harmony and Ornament serves only to recommend the Argument, and fortify the Charm.*

F I N I S.

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